The PROTESTANT ALMANACK,

For the Year 1692.

Since

The Creation of the World	5698
The Incarnation of Jesus Christ	1692
England received the Christian Faith	1502
Martin Luther wrote against the Pope	176
Our deliverance from Popery by Queen *Elizabeth*	133
The horrid design of the Gun-Powder Plot	87
The Burning of the City of *London*	26.
Our Second Deliverance from Popery, by K. *Will.* & Q. *Mary*	4

Being the

BISSEXTILE or LEAP-YEAR,

WHEREIN

The Bloody Aspects, Fatal Oppositions, Diabolical Conjunctions, and Pernicious Revolutions of the Papacy against the Lord and his Anointed, are described.

With the Change of the Moon, the Rising and Setting of the Sun, some observable Fairs, the Eclipses, the Moons place in the Zodiac, and an account of some principal Martyrs in Verse.

Calculated according to Art, for the Meridian of *Babylon*, where the Pope is elevated an hundred and fifty degrees above all Reason, Right and Religion; above Kings, Canons, Councels, Conscience, and every thing therein called God. 2 *Thess.* 2. And may without sensible Errour, indifferently serve the whole Papacy.

By *Philoprotes*, a well-willer to the *Mathematicks*

Licensed, August 14. 1691. *Rob. Midgley.*

London, Printed by *John Richardson* for the Company of STATIONERS. 1692.

Common Notes for the Year, 1692.

The Golden Number 2
The Epact, 22.
The Dominical Letters, *C. B.*
Septuageſima, *January* 24.
Aſh-Wedneſday, *February* 10.
Eaſter-day, *March* 27.
Rogation-Sunday, *May* 1.
Holy-Thurſday, *May* 5.
Whit-Sunday, *May* 15.
Trinity-Sunday, *May* 22.
Advent-Sunday, *November* 27.

The refulgent Planet *Venus*, is a bright Evening Star at the beginning of the Year, and ſo continues till the 23th of *Auguſt*; then ſhe becomes a Morning Star, riſing before the Sun to the Years end.

The beginning and ending of the Terms, with the number of their Returns.

Hillary Term begins the 23th. of *January*, and ends the 12th. of *February*, and hath Four Returns.

Eaſter Term begins the 13th. day of *April*, and ends the 9th. of *May*, and hath Five Returns.

Trinity Term begins the 27th. of *May*, and ends the 15th. of *June*, and hath four Returns.

Michaelmas Term begins the 24th. of *October*, and ends the 28th. of *November*, and hath Six Returns.

Short Lines Termes commence end
be the of and ing.
Long Times Cares turmoils ſpend

Of the Eclipſes *this preſent Year*, 1692.

WE ſhall have this Year no leſs than five Eclipſes, three of the Sun, and two of the Moon, of which, two of them may be ſeen of us in *England* if the Air be ſerene and clear.

The firſt will be an Eclipſe of the Moon, on the 23th day of *January*, about 2 of the Clock in the Afternoon, in 14 degrees of *Leo*, but inviſible to us, and therefore of the leſs regard; but however we may be bold ſafely to predict, that Popiſh Cruelty, and Proteſtant Patience ſhall abound much this year; of which latter we have a notable ſtory in *Camer. oper. ſubciſiv.* Cent. 3. c. 31. p. 108. Of a Chriſtian Matron, who being impriſoned by the Perſecutors, fell in labour there; the extremity of her pains enforced her to cry out extreamly; whereupon the Keeper of the Priſon reproached her, and ſaid he, *If you are not able to bear the pains of Child-birth to day, what will you do to morrow when you come to burn in the Flames? To day*, ſaid ſhe, *I ſuffer as a miſerable Woman, under thoſe Sorrows that are laid upon my Sex for ſin; but to morrow I ſhall ſuffer as a Chriſtian for the Faith of Chriſt.*

The ſecond will be a ſmall Eclipſe of the Sun, on the 9th day of *February*, near our 5 of the Clock in the Afternoon, in the latter part of *Aquarius*, and will be alſo inviſible to us; yet notwithſtanding its inviſibility, we may with much confidence predict from hence, that the Popiſh Monks, Fryers and Nuns, will be as abſtenious this Year as ever; and will Faſt from Fleſh on *Wednſdays* and *Frydays*, that they may with the better Appetite feed on Fiſh. Do not theſe men undergo ſharp penance? Is not this terrible Faſting? As bad as the Fryer inflicted on himſelf, who deſired but

Round about the Crible Loaf an inch thick ſliver,
Of the Gooſe only the Liver:
Of the Pig no more but the head;
For him he wiſht nothing ſhould be dead.

This great abſtinence of the Fryers and Monks, is to keep their Fleſh from rebelling, and to allay the Devil of Concupiſcence in them; but for their Chaſtity, I ſuppoſe it is the ſame now a days, as it was in the time of the famous *Francis Petrarch*, Arch-Deacon of *Parma* in *Italy*, who in one of his Epiſtles, *ſine Titulo*, to his

nameleſs Friend, thus Anatomizes the *Roman* Clergy.

Here Venus *with her wanton toyes,*
Is honour'd with baſe Bawds and Boys;
Adultery, Whoredome, and Inceſt,
Is honour'd here among the beſt:
And counted but for ſports and playes,
Even with our Prelates of theſe dayes.
The Wife is ravish'd from her Spouſe,
And to the Papal Seat ſhe bows:
The poor Good-man muſt leave the Town,
Such Ordinances are ſet down:
And when her Belly riſeth high,
By Cardinals who with her lie,
The Husband muſt not dare complain,
But take his wife with Child again.

Further of the great chaſtity of theſe Fryars and Nuns, take theſe Verſes made by *Nigel Wireker*, and Tranſlated by *Bale* in the *Acts of* Engliſh *Votaries*, out of Latin; thus,

Some barren are of theſe, ſome fruitful be,
Yet they by name of Virgins cover all:
More fertile ſure, and better beareth ſhe,
Who bleſt is once with Croſier Paſtoral:
Now ſcarce of them is found one barren Doe,
Till Age debar, whether they will or no.

But to proceed in the deſcription of the Eclipſes, the third of which, and moſt conſiderable of all the five, will be of the Moon, on *Monday* the 18th day of *July*, about 3 of the clock in the morning, in the 6th degree of *Aquarius*, to the quantity of 12 digits, and 28 minutes; and may be ſeen of us here in *England*, if miſts or clouds do not interpoſe.

Now as by the laſt Eclipſe we predicted, that the uncleanneſs and laſciviouſneſs of the Popiſh Clergy would be equivalent to the precedent Ages; ſo by this Eclipſe it is plainly domonſtrated, that their covetouſneſs, avarice, and wayes of getting money to enrich themſelves, their Abbeys, Nunneries, and other Religious Houſes, as they call them, will be no leſs this year than heretofore, eſpecially

eſpecially their working upon the Conſciences of dying men, that by their gifts and benevolence they might be prayed out of Purgatory. The Fryer in *Chaucer* perſwading with the ſick Farmer to make his confeſſion to him rather than to his Pariſh Prieſt, having his hand upon his half-penny, makes this requeſt to the Bedrid man lying upon his Couch.

Yeve me then of thy Gold to make our Cloyſter,
Quod he, for many a Muskle and many an Oyſter:
When other men have been full well at eaſe,
Hath been our food, our Cloiſter for to reaſe:
And yet God wot, unneath the foundament
Performed is, ne of our Pavement
Is not a Tile yet within our wones,
By God we owen fourty pound for ſtones.

The fourth Eclipſe will be of the Sun, on the ſecond day of *Auguſt*, ſomething paſt 9 of the clock in the morning, in 20 degrees of *Leo*, and will be but a ſmall Eclipſe, only the fourth part of the Suns body darkened; yet if our Aſtrology fails us not, we can predict great things thereby; and that we may be the ſurer in our predictions, we will take the ſame courſe that *Poor Robin* doth in his Almanacks, and tell you of ſomething already paſt, then doubtfully to gueſs at what is to come, which is the ſureſt way of predicting, and to make the Reader merry, we will begin with this ſtory.

A Country Peaſant having been with his Confeſſor, told him, that he had eaten Eggs that *Lent*, who reproved him for it, ſaying, *That Eggs made Chickens, Cocks, and Cocks, Capons*; a while after this Confeſſor ſent to him for ſome Eggs to ſet under a Hen, who ſent him them all boyled very hard: The Curate being ignorant hereof, ſet them under his Hen, but finding in almoſt a months time no production, he broke one of them, and found it hard, ſo he broke another, a third, and fourth, till he had broken them all, and found that they were firſt boyled. This ſo netled the Curate, that he inſtantly went to the Peaſant to know the reaſon of this abuſe; The Peaſant excuſed himſelf as ignorant of the matter; *Why you fool* (ſaid the Curate) *did you ever think that Chickens could be hatched out of hard Eggs? Why ſo you told me* (quoth the Peaſant) *the laſt* Lent; for when I confeſſed to you that I had

 eaten

eaten Eggs, you chid me, ſaying, *Eggs made Chickens, Chickens Cocks, and Cocks Capons; now if boyled Eggs which I did eat, would have been Chickens, Cocks and Capons; how did I know but the boyled Eggs under your Hen, would have been ſo too.*

To this I will add another ſtory, which though not altogether ſo mirthful, was more gainful to him that made it a ſtory.

Chriſtian Duke of *Brunſwick*, a valiant Prince, joyned with Count *Mansfield*, to aſſiſt the *Palſgrave*, came with his Army very weary, to a large and (as it proved) rich Monaſtery, not far from *Hall* and *Leipſich*; he ſummoned it, they within refuſed; He deſired the Fryers either to ſupply his preſent neceſſities with Victuals, or with ſo much money to buy ſome for his Souldiers, and he would ſee them paid again: They refuſed both, profeſſing Poverty; whereat he being vexed, batter'd it, and forced them to ſubmit; where they found infinite ſtore of all ſorts of Proviſion, which the Soldiers took: The Duke entring, went into the Chappel, where there ſtood the Images of the Twelve Apoſtles, and divers other Saints, of Maſſy Silver: The Duke hateing Popery, asked the Fryers who they were? The Fryers anſwered, *The Twelve Apoſtles*; whereat as in an anger, he ſaid, *What do you ſhut them all up Priſoners here, they are to go among all Nations*; and ſo cauſed them to be taken down, and coyned into *Six Dollars* for his Army, with this jeer to the Fryers, *Better ſpent than ill ſaved.* Adding this to the other, *You* (ſayes he) *have prayed unto them, I have preyed upon them, and now go and pray for more.*

For now they might pray, Chriſt have mercy on them,
Becauſe the Twelve Apoſtles had forgone them.

The fifth and laſt Eclipſe will be of the Sun, on the 27th day of *December*, at 2 of the clock in the afternoon, in 17 degrees of *Capricorn*; but ſo ſmall will it be as ſcarcely diſcernable of us, and therefore is of ſome Aſtrologers omitted; yet by this Eclipſe, together with ſome other Antient Writings and Records, we can ſafely predict what a great happineſs *England* enjoyeth, in being freed from the Courts and Juriſdictions of the Popes of *Rome*, which drew conſtantly out of the Peoples Purſes incredible maſſes of Money; for to theſe Courts belonged Judges, Officials, Delegates, Referendaries, Commiſſaries, Dataries, Scribes, Notaries, Proctors, Regiſters, Summoners, Apparitors, Clarks and Sollicitors.

All

All ravening Horse-leaches, which nought could fill
Th' unfathom'd gulph of their insatiate will;
But Money, Money still, like Dypsa's *thirst,*
Being never satisfied unless it burst.

Thus you see, it is not Godliness but Gain, which the Papists make the main of their Religion; their chief aim being to reach at Riches and high Dignities; to attain which they leave no means unassayed, each one striving to aspire higher and higher, until they attain the Pontificial Chair, and enriching of their Church; the external splendour, glory, and riches whereof, some have urged as an infallible mark of the true Church; quite contrary to the condition of Christ and his Apostles; our Saviour saying, *That he had not whereon to lay his head*; and Saint *Peter* (whose Successor the Pope pretends himself to be) professing that *Gold and Silver he had none*; and therefore others, and those of great repute among them, make the true marks and signs of the Catholick-ship thereof, to consist in wilful Poverty, going bare-footed, and bare-leg'd, attir'd in Sackcloth, tatter'd and lowsie Rags, and that for such and other the like severities, it was that the glorious St. *Francis*, is now advanced to the vacant place of *Lucifer*, (as the Pope and his Cardinals have on Earth inherited his Pride). But I will detain you no longer concerning these Eclipses, having no room further to enlarge my self: But rest yours,

Philoprotest.

January hath XXXI Days.

New Moon the 8 day 52 minutes past 9 in the Forenoon.
First Quarter the 16 day, near 1 in the morning.
Full moon the 23 day 3 minutes past 2 in the Afternoon.
Last Quarter the 30 day 34 min. past 5 Afternoon.

M.	D.	Saints Days and Fairs.	Signes
1	a	Mercurii. va.	secrets
2	b	Sun rise 8, 6.	secrets
3	c	2 *after Christ.*	secrets
4	d	Llanibither F.	thighs
5	e	Hickford Fair	thighs
6	f	Twelfth day	knees
7	g	6 Salisbury F.	knees
8	a	7 Llanginny F.	knees
9	b	Sun rise 7, 55.	legs
10	c	1 *after Epiph.*	legs
11	d	Sun set 4, 8.	feet
12	e	Sun rise 7, 49.	feet
13	f	Derby Fair	feet
14	g	Sun set 4, 12.	head
15	a	Sun rise 7, 46.	head
16	b	Sun set 4, 15.	neck
17	c	2 *after Epiph.*	neck
18	d	Sun rise 7, 41.	armes
19	e	Sun set 4, 21.	and
20	f	Sun rise 7, 38.	should.
21	g	Sun set 4, 24.	breast
22	a	Sun rise 7, 35.	breast
23	b	Term begins	heart
24	c	*Septuagesima.*	heart
25	d	Con. S. Pa.	bowels
26	e	25 Gravesend F.	bowels
27	f	Sun set 4, 35.	reins
28	g	Sun rise 7, 24.	reins
29	a	Sun set 4, 38.	secrets
30	b	*K. Ch. 1. Mart.*	secrets
31	c	*Sexagesima.*	thighs

The death of Martyrs who withstood
Romes Cruelty, and spent their blood
In Truths defence, I here rehearse;
Accept (kind Reader) this my Verse.

This cold Month was made hot by the burning of these Martyrs, *Wil. Waterer, Will. Bowling, Will. Lowick, William Hay, Thomas Hudson*, and *Stephen Kemp*, all six burnt in one fire at *Canterbury*, Jan. 15. 1557. *John Wickliff*, Parson of *Lutterworth* in *Leicestershire*, whose Bones were burnt 40 years after his decease.

Good Pope let us alone so long,
We'l think thou then dost us no wrong.

Thomas Whittle, Minister, *Bartholomew Green*, Gent. *John Taylor*, *Tho. Went*, *Tho Brown*, *Isabel Foster* and *Jone Lashford*.

Romes *trash and trumpery did defie,*
And for it did in Smithfield *dye.*

John Lomas, *Anne Albright*, *Joan Catmore*, *Agnes Smith*, and *Joan Soal*, sealed together the truth they professed with their blood, *Jan.* 31. 1556.

With many more past reckoning up,
Drank deeply of Afflictions cup;
Because they held that Purgatory
Was but an idle fabled story,
And would not worship the proud Pope,
But put in Christ their onely hope.

1. S T. *Nicholas* of *Tolentine* was ſo abſtenious, that in thirty years ſpace living in the Covent of *Tolentine*, he never eat Fleſh, Eggs, Fiſh, Milk, nor any thing made of Milk: It hapned one time that he had a grievous ſickneſs, whereupon the Phyſitians preſcribed him to eat Fleſh that he might recover; which he refuſing to do, the Prior of the Covent commanded him in the vertue of Holy Obedience to eat ſome, and cauſed a boyled Chicken to be ſet before him: Now that he might not eat the Fowl, nor yet run into the ſin of Diſobedience, (*behold a wonder*) the boyl'd Chicken return'd to life, and flew away out of the platter, (*and made afterwards a good Clocken*) leaving all them that were preſent aſtoniſhed, (*as well they might*) and the Saint very jocund and glad.

This Papiſts do affirm for verity,
But Proteſtants account it a great lye.

2. In the Country of *Dalmatia*, was a terrible Dragon, that deſtroyed all the Country, devoured the Oxen and other Beaſts, and killed the Husbandmen and the Shepherds; *St. Hillarion* (whoſe memory is celebrated on the 21th of *October*) hapning to be there, had compaſſion on the people, and cauſed a great ſtack or pile of Wood to be made, which being done, he commanded the Dragon to go upon it, who readily obeyed him; then he bid the people ſet fire unto it, which they did, and ſo the dreadful Dragon was burnt to death in ſight of all the people.

This Dragon ſure was not the very ſame
Which once St. George *in* Egypt *overcame;*
But who doth know but he might be his brother,
And one Story to be as true as t'other.

New moon the 7 day 31 minutes past 4 in the morning.
First Quarter the 15 day 26 minutes past 6 in the morning.
Full moon the 21 day 48 minutes past 11 before Noon.
Last Quarter the 28 day 37 minutes past 7 at night.

NUM.	LET.	Saints days and Fairs.	Signs.
1	d	Bromely Lank.	thighs
2	e	Purif. of Ma.	knees
3	f	Boxgrove F.	knees
4	g	Sun rise 7, 10.	knees
5	a	Sun set 5, 49.	legs
6	b	Sutford F.6 da.	legs
7	c	*Shrove Sunday*	feet
8	d	*Sun in Pisces.*	feet
9	e	*Shrove-Tuesday.*	feet
10	f	*Ash-Wednesday.*	head
11	g	Sun rise 6, 56.	head
12	a	Term ends.	neck
13	b	Sun set 5, 8.	and
14	c	*Valentine.*	throat
15	d	Feversham F.	armes
16	e	Sun rise 6, 46.	armes
17	f	Sun set 5, 16.	breast
18	g	Sun rise 6, 42.	breast
19	a	Sun set 5, 20.	heart
20	b	Sun rise 6, 38.	heart
21	c	2 *Sund. in Lent.*	bowels
22	d	Sun set 5, 26.	bowels
23	e	Sun rise 6, 34.	reynes
24	f	St. Matthias	reynes
25	g	24 Baldock F.	secrets
26	a	Staff. Horse F.	secrets
27	a	Sun set 5, 35.	thighs
28	b	3 *Sund. in Lent.*	thighs
29	c	Sun rise 6, 22.	thighs

Why rails Romes *foul mouth'd* Rabshekahs
Their Jesuits, Priests, Friers, Lyars all?
Why 'gainst us do they slanders raise,
And Heretickes us falsely call?
Since for the truth so many dye,
Being martyred by their cruelty.

There being Martyred in this Month for the Testimony of the Truth, these persons following; *John Phadon, Richard Turmine,* Mart. 1431. *Lawrence Saunders,* Martyred at *Coventry.*

Who did embrace and kiss the Stake,
And to gain Heaven did life forsake.

Tho. Norris, Mart. 1507. *John Hooper,* Bishop of *Glocester,* and Doctor *Rowland Taylor,* two stout Champions in the cause of Christ.

Who 'gainst the Romish Doctrine spurn'd,
And for it were by Papists burn'd.

Robert Farrar Bishop of St. *Davids,* a most Learned Godly Prelate, Mart. *Feb.* 22. 1555. Sir *John Oldcastle,* Lord *Cobham,* 1431.

Being hang'd and burn'd by the doom,
Of Satans servants, slaves to Rome.

The Mother of the Lady young Martyred also this Month Anno 1490.

Luther *that bold Confessor, who*
Romes *errors to the World did show,*
This Month also did dye in Peace,
Though Papists hate did never cease,
To hunt him in each Town and Quarter,
Of Confessor *to make him* Martyr.

1. ST. *Remigius* a *French* Saint, after he was dead, was firſt buried in a Church of St. *Chriſtopher* in the City of *Rhemes*; but becauſe the Church was little, and the concourſe of people, which came to viſit his Sepulchre, very great, it was made bigger and larger, and of more curious and coſtly Workmanſhip, with a moſt beautiful Sepulchre for the Body of the Saint: But when they would have carried it thither, they found it ſo weighty and ſo heavy, that no humane force was able to move it; Staying in this manner, they fell faſt aſleep, and when they awaked, they found the Body carried into the new Sepulchre by the hands of Angels, *if you will believe it.*

But if you do not I no faut ſhall find,
Becauſe that I am of the ſelf ſame mind.

2. When St. *Januarius* was beheaded, a Napkin or Scarf being bound over his Eyes, there fell unto the Earth, together with his Head, one of his Fingers; and when the Chriſtians ſecretly went to bury his Body by Night, *Januarius* appeared unto them, and willed them to ſearch for his Finger, and to bury it with his Head.

3. Some of the Blood of this St. *Januarius* (as the Papiſts ſay) is ſtill kept in the Cathedral Church at *Naples*, in a Viol of Glaſs, being congealed and very hard; but let it be put right before his Head, and it doth melt, and diſſolve in ſuch ſort, that it ſeemeth to boyl or ſeethe, as if it were lively, and did iſſue and ſpring even then out of his Veins.

Theſe are ſtrange Wonders, to give them their due,
And (as ſome think) too ſtrange for to be true.

4. When St. *Catharine* of *Alexandria* had her Head ſmitten off by the command of the Tyrant *Maxentius*, inſtead of Blood, there iſſued from the Wound pure Milk. Of theſe and the like Stories, we may ſay with *Horace.*

Whatever thus thou telſt me, I
Will always hold it as a lye.

March hath XXXI Days.

New moon the 7 day half an hour past 10 at Night.
First Quarter the 15 day 42 minutes past 1 afternoon.
Full moon the 22 day 53 minutes past 8 in the forenoon.
Last Quarter the 29 day 36 minutes past 11 forenoon.

M.D.	W.D.	Saints Days and Fairs.	Signes.
1	d	*St. David.*	knees
2	e	Sun set 5, 43.	knees
3	f	Breinwelbra. F.	legs
4	g	Bedford Fair	legs
5	a	Lancaster Fair	legs
6	B	*Midlent Sunday.*	feet
7	c	Worksep Fair.	feet
8	d	Tragarron F.	head
9	e	Sun rise 6, 2.	*and*
10	f	*Sun in Aries*	face
11	g	Sun set, 6, 2.	neck
12	a	Sudbury Fair	neck
13	B	*Passion Sunday.*	armes
14	c	Bodwin Fair.	armes
15	d	Sun rise 5, 49.	breast
16	e	Sun set 6. 13.	breast
17	f	Sun rise 5, 45.	heart
18	g	Sun set 6, 17.	*and*
19	a	Sun rise 5, 41.	back
20	B	*Palm-Sunday*	bowels
21	c	Alesbury F.	bowels
22	d	Towcester F.	reins
23	e	Sun set 6, 27.	reins
24	f	*Maunday Thursd.*	secrets
25	g	Annun. Mary	secrets
26	a	25 Malden F.	thighs
27	B	Easter-day	thighs
28	c	Easter Mon.	knees
29	d	Easter Tue.	knees
30	e	Sun rise 5, 18.	legs
31	f	30 Malmsb. F.	legs

In vain they kick against the prick,
In vain hoping thereby to speed;
In vain Romes Ahab *he is sick*
For Englands Naboths *Vineyard; freed*
From Jaws of Rome, *who though he kill,*
Can't get possession to his will.

To gain which ends they martyred this month these following persons. Dr. *John Weselianus, Anno* 1464. *Will. Taylor, Mar.* 2, 1422. Mr. *Thomas Bilney*, whom the Papists did in

Saint Georges *Church in* Ipswich *Town,*
From out the Pulpit pull him down,
Who as he did in Prison lye,
Put finger in the flames to try
his strength, which God to him did give,
So dy'd for Christ, with him to live.

David Foster, Valentine Freese and his Wife, *Rawlins White, Tho. Higbed*, Gent. *Tho. Cawston, Will. Hunter Will. Piget, Stev. Knight, J. Lawrence* Minister.

With many others more beside,
This month who for Religion died.

But most eminent was *Thomas Cranmer* Archbishop of *Canterbury*, a man of great parts, which he employed in maintainance of the truth against Romish Superstition,

His pomp, his gl[illegible] his pride,
Was to know Jesus [illegible]ned:
Liv'd a true Preacher of Gods word,
And dy'd a Martyr of the Lord.

1. SAint *Sabba* living in a Monaſtery, the Baker of it had put his Cloaths into the Oven to dry, and forgetting them, put in fire, which already flaming thorough all the Oven, he remembered the Cloaths, but could not get them out by any means. The poor man made moan for his miſhap; and by chance *Sabba* was there preſent, who made the ſign of the Croſs in the Oven, and then he went into the Oven flaming, and took out the Cloths whole, and without any hurt.

Thus idle Monks invented Stories ſtill,
VVhich Griſts brought gains unto their Popiſh mill;
For though their lyes had neither Sence nor Reaſon,
They were believ'd for truth at that blind ſeaſon.

2. A certain Maid, (but my Author doth not tell us her name) being wrongfully accuſed of Fornication, was condemned to be burnt to death, and being tyed to a ſtake, and the fire kindled about her, ſhe prayed, and immediately thoſe Brands that were burning became Red Roſes, and thoſe that were not kindled turned to White Roſes, and theſe were the firſt Roſes that ever any man ſaw. (*VVhat pity it is ſuch a pretty Story ſhould not be true.*)

Great pity 'twere a man would think,
Such Story of a lye ſhould ſtink.

3. When the Empreſs *Helena* found the Croſs on which our Saviour Chriſt dyed, ſhe made of one of the three Nails by which his Body was faſtned, a Reins for her Son *Conſtantines* Horſe; of the ſecond, the reſt of his Helmet; the third ſhe caſt into the *Adriatick* Sea, which before that time was very dangerous and tempeſtuous to be ſailed in.

But ever ſince that time it doth not fail,
For t[illegible]m by vertue of that Nail.

April hath XXX Days.

New Moon the 6 day 6 min. past 3 Afternoon
First Quarter the 14 day 33 min. past 3 in the morning.
Full moon the 20 day at 49 minutes past 5 Afternoon.
Last Quarter the 28 day 6 minutes past 4 in the morning.

M.	W. D.	Saints days and Fairs.	Signs.
1	g	Sun set 6, 46.	legs
2	a	Hitchin Fair	feet
3	b	Low-Sunday	feet
4	c	Leek in Staff. F.	head
5	d	Wallingf. F.	and
6	e	Sun rise 5, 4.	face
7	f	Derby Fair.	neck
8	g	Fenny Stratford	neck
9	a	Billingswor. F.	armes
10	b	*Sun in Taurus.*	and
11	c	Newport Pag.	should.
12	d	Sun set 7, 8.	breast
13	e	**Term begins**	breast
14	f	Sun rise 4, 49.	heart
15	g	Sun set 7, 13.	heart
16	a	East Greensted	bowels
17	b	3 *after Easter.*	bowels
18	c	Sun rise 4, 41.	reins
19	d	Sun set 7, 21.	reins
20	e	Stone-house gr.	secrets
21	f	Abberforth F.	secrets
22	g	Stafford Fair	thighs
23	a	**St. George**	thighs
24	b	4 *after Easter*	knees
25	c	**Mark Evan.**	knees
26	d	Tenterden F.	knees
27	e	Bosworth Fair.	legs
28	f	Soham Fair	legs
29	g	Sun rise 4, 22.	feet
30	a	Beverly Fair	feet

How have they made us bourn and bleed,
Inflicting on us misery:
The Martyrs bloods the Churches seed,
Which doth the greater grow thereby.
In vain they thus do make account;
The Palm aepresst doth higher mount.

This Month had also its share of divers Martyrs: As *Robert Hatches*, *Tho. Bound*, *Wrigham*, *Landsdale*, and Mrs. *Smith*, mart. *April* 4. 1519.

They of their Lives no reckoning make,
But think them well spent for Christs sake.

George March, whose Zeal in Religion so exasperated the Papists, that they burned him in a most inhumane manner, by placing a Firkin of Pitch, Rosin and Tar over his head, which melting down basted him, whilst the Fire beneath roasted him:

Whose cruelty turns to such ire, (Wyre.
Their hearts are Iron, their heart-strings

W. Flower, Min. *Robert Drake*, Min. *T. Tyms*, *Rich. Spurge*, *T. Spurge*, *John Cavil*, *George Ambrose*, *Chr. Lister*, Min. *J. Moor*, *John Spencer*, *Sim. Joyn*, *Jo. Hamond*, and many others.

Thus in these persecuting days,
Men suffered trouble several wayes;
Some in the fire to ashes burn'd,
Some out of all to Beggary turn'd,
Some doing Penance, some kept in Jail,
Romes spite against them did not fail.

1. POpe *Teleſphorus* ordained that on the feaſt of the Nativity of our Lord, there ſhould be ſaid three Maſſes: The firſt Maſs (forſooth) ſignifieth the *Gentiles*, who were in a manner blind in their Idolatry, and therefore it is ſaid at midnight. The ſecond is ſaid at break of day, when the light is ſeen, although but a little; and this ſignifieth the *Hebrews*, who had ſome light from God, which was but little; for they had all things in Figures and Shadows. The third Maſs which is ſaid at the clear day, ſignifieth the Chriſtians, who have the clear light of God, becauſe they have moſt clear knowledge of him.

This ſure is moſt myſterious deep Divinity,
Though with the Scriptures it hath ſmall affinity.

2. St. *John* the Evangeliſt is uſually painted with a Cup in his hand, out of which cometh a Serpent, which he ſeemeth to bleſs. The myſtery of which is, as the Papiſts ſay, That a certain Prieſt of the Goddeſs *Diana*, called *Ariſtodemus*, challenged St. *John* to drink a Cup of Poyſon that he would temper for him, which if he did without any hurt to his Life or Health, that then he would believe in him, which St. *John* accepted of, and taking the impoyſoned Cup in his hand, made thereon the ſign of the Croſs, and drunk it off, without receiving any hurt.

Thus Papiſts ſtill freſh Stories do invent,
And all to give the ignorant content.

3. The Rood, being an Image of Chriſt on the Croſs, they erect in a Loft for that purpoſe juſt over the paſſage out of the Church into the Chancel. And wot you what ſpiritual myſtery was couched in the poſition thereof? The Church (forſooth) typifies the *Church-militant*, the Chancel repreſents the *Church-triumphant*; and all who will paſs out of the *former* into the *latter*, muſt go under the *Rood-loft*; that is, carry the Croſs, and be acquainted with affliction. *Moſt rare Divinity.*

May hath XXXI Days.

New Moon the 6 day 48 minutes paſt 4 in the morning.
Firſt Quarter the 13 day 48 min. paſt 8 in the forenoon.
Full moon the 20 day 40 minutes paſt 3 in the morning.
Laſt Quarter the 27 day 9 minutes paſt 9 at night.

M.	D.	W.	Saints Days and Fairs.	Signes.
1	B		Phil. and Ja.	feet
2	c		Fairford Fair.	head
3	d		Heningham F.	head
4	e		Cheſterfield F.	neck
5	f		*Aſcention Day*	neck
6	g		Amesbury Fair.	armes
7	a		Thunderley F.	*and*
8	B		*6 after Eaſter*	ſhould.
9	c		Term ends	breaſt
10	d		Aſhborn *Peak.*	breaſt
11	e		*Sun in Gem.*	heart
12	f		Thorock Fair	heart
13	g		Bakewell Fair.	bowels
14	a		Sun riſe 4, 0.	bowels
15	B		Whit-Sund.	reins
16	c		Whit-Mond.	reins
17	d		Whit-Tuel.	ſecrets
18	e		Sun ſet 8, 5.	ſecrets
19	f		Rocheſter F.	thighs
20	g		*Malmsbury* F.	*and*
21	a		Sun riſe 3, 52.	hips
22	B		*Trinity Sunday.*	knees
23	c		Sun ſet 8, 11.	knees
24	d		Sun riſe 3, 48.	legs
25	e		Bromyard Fair	legs
26	f		Lenham F.	feet
27	g		Term begins	feet
28	a		Sun ſet 8, 15.	feet
29	B		Car. II. *Nativit*	head
30	c		Crambrook F.	head
31	d		Potſhore Fair.	neck

Curſe, exerciſe, with Book and Bell.
Polluted Shavelings, do your worſt,
With many a Negromantick Spell;
Uſe Conjurations till you burſt;
I fear you not. your malice, ſpite,
Nor hate, ſhall not my Pen affright.

In this month dyed for the truth theſe Martyrs, *Hugh Lavercock*, *John Apprice*, but moſt conſpicuous was that godly man *John Huſs*, martyred at *Conſtance*, *Anno* 1415. who going to his martyrdom, they put upon his head a Mitre of Paper, almoſt a Cubit deep, on which were painted three Devils of wonderful ugly ſhapes, with the Title of *Heriſiarcha* ſet over their heads.

Thus Papiſts merry are, and laugh
When they the blood of Saints do quaff,
Their joy abounds, their mirth runs high,
When innocent men cauſeliſs dye,

Joan Horn, *Catharine Hull*, *Elizabeth Thackwell*, mart. *May* 15. 1555.

Three Female Souls joyn'd in one ſpirit,
Dy'd for the truth Heaven to inherit.

Robert King, *Robert Debram*, *Nicholas Marſh*, *John Cardmaker*, alias *Taylor*, *Tho. Spicer*, *John Denny*, *William Pool*, cum multis aliis.

Theſe pious men, with many more,
Would not the Romiſh Prieſt adore;
Diſclaim'd the Pope and all his crue,
As men who little goodneſs knew;
And thus they by affliction try'd,
Liv'd in Gods fear, in his favour dy'd.

Pandulphus, the Popes Legat here in *England*, forced King *John* to resign up his Crown into his Hands, which he kept Forty days, and then gave it back to *John*, upon Condition to hold his Kingdom from the Pope, and pay a 1000. Marks a year to him as a Tribute.

Thus Legats in their Pride were full and ample,
Having the Pope their Father for Example.

2. Pope *Celestine* the Third put the Crown on the Emperors Head with his Feet, and then struck it off again, saying, *Per me Reges regnant.* Of this Pope it might be said, that if it be true the Gyants ere made War against Heaven, he had been a fit Ensign-bearer of that Company.

Pride is of Sins the chiefest Magistrate,
Which God and Goodness doth abominate.

3. Pope *Paschalis* the First, caused the Priests of some Parishes in *Rome*, by reason of their nearness to his Person, their presence at his Election, and to honour their Authority with a more venerable Title, to be call'd *Cardinals*. They are now Mates for Kings, and had in the highest Honour and Reverence of the People.

And if the Men such honour have,
What then hath he doth keep the Knave.

4. *Frederick*, the first Emperor of *Germany*, kissed the Feet of Pope *Alexander* the Third, and ever since it must be accounted a high favour, an't please the Pigs, to kiss his Holinesses Golden Slipper and sweaty Toes.

But most young Men would rather have a kiss.
Of a fair Maid, than such a one as this.

5. Pope *Paul* the Fourth said publickly, He would have never a Prince of them all to be his Companions, but all should be under his Feet; he would not take it as he had done.

By this Position we may hence infer,
The Pope's Successor unto Lucifer.

June hath xxx. days.

New Moon the 4 day 28 min. past 4 afternoon.
First Quarter the 11 day 37 min. past noon.
Full Moon the 18 day 22 min. past 2 afternoon.
Last Quarter the 26 day 4 min. past 2 afternoon.

1	E	Chapple Frith	neck
2	F	Sun rise 3. 42.	neck
3	G	Alesbury F.	arms
4	a	Sun set 8. 19.	arms
5	B	2 *after Trin.*	breast
6	c	Milton Ab. F.	breast
7	d	Worksop Fair	heart
8	e	Sun rise 3. 41.	heart
9	f	Maidstone F.	bowels
10	g	Sun set 8. 19.	bowels
11	a	S. Barnab	reins
12	B	3 *after Trin.*	and
13	c	Newton Mag.	loins
14	d	Bangor Fair.	secrets
15	e	*Term ends.*	secrets
16	f	Bealth *Brok.* F.	thighs
17	g	Hadstock F.	thighs
18	a	Sun rise 3.41	knees
19	B	4 *after Trin.*	knees
20	c	Hereford F.	legs
21	d	Sun set 8. 18.	legs
22	e	St. Albans F.	legs
23	f	Barnet Fair.	feet
24	g	S. Jo. Bap.	feet
25	a	24 Barnwell F.	head
26	B	5 *after Trin.*	and
27	c	Folkeston Fa.	face
28	d	Hescorn Fair.	neck
29	e	S. Pet. Ap.	neck
30	f	Maxsfield F.	arms

A question may be if the Pride
Of Romish seven hill'd Babylon,
Exceed not that which Nimrod *built,*
That lofty, proud, cloud piercing one;
Their Sins were great, their Pride not small.
And both alike must have a fall.

Ann Askew Mart. this Month, Anno. 1546. also *Hieron of Prague,* who at his Martyrdom Prophesied of the coming of *Martin Luther,* when the Pope and his Fellows should answer to God and to him.

Who gave the Pope so great a blow,
As well nigh prov'd his overthrow.

Richard Wish Priest, burned on *Tower-hill.* Anno. 1439. This Man Prophesied before his Death, that the Postern of the Tower should sink, which afterwards came to pass, whereupon the people brought Stones to the Place and set up a Cross, and would have made their Pilgrimage thither, had not the King stay'd them.

A Prophet and a Martyr too,
See what God's heavenly Grace can do.

Tho. Hawks, Mart. *June* 10. 1555. *Tho. Watts, J. Simpson, John Audley,* Mart. *June* 14. 1555.

A Tear made red with Blood of those,
Who Superstition did oppose.

Nich. Chamberlain, Tho. Hosmond, Will. Bramford, M. *Ju.* 15. 1555. *Tho. Howland,* M. *Ju.* 6. 1556. *Tho. Abington, Tho. Milton.*

With many other Saints beside,
Who this hot Month by Fire died:
The Papists thirsts so fierce did burn,
Nothing but Blood would serve their turn

1. In the year 1545. *Minitr* the Preſident of the Counſel of *Aix*, having condemned the People of *Merindall* and *Chabriers* of Hereſie, muſter'd an Army, and ſet fire on the Villages: They of *Merindall* ſeeing the Flame, with their Wives and Children fled into the Woods, but were there butcher'd, or ſent to the Galleys. One Boy they took, placed him againſt a Tree, and ſhot him, with *Calivers* 25. which had hid themſelves in a Cave, were in part ſtifled, in part burned. In *Chabriers* they ſo inhumanly dealt with the young Wives and Maids, that moſt of them died immediately after: The Men and Women they put to the Sword; the Children they re-baptized. Eight hunder'd Men were murder'd in a Cave, and Forty Women put together in an old Barn and burned.

2. The Maſſacre of *Paris*, which moſt cunningly plotted. A Peace was made with the Proteſtants, for the aſſurance whereof, a Marriage was ſolemniz'd between *Henry* of *Navar*, chief of the Proteſtant Party, and the Lady *Margaret*, the King of *France* his Siſter. At this Wedding there aſſembled the Prince of *Conde*, the Admiral *Colligni*, and divers others of great Note. But at this Solemnity there was not ſo much Wine drank as Blood ſhed. At Mid-night the Watch Bell rang; the King of *Navar*, and the Prince of *Conde*, were taken Priſoners; the Admiral moſt villanouſly ſlain in his Bed, and to the number of Thirty thouſand and upward, of the beſt and moſt potent of the Religion, ſent thorough this Red Sea to the Land of *Canaan*.

New Moon the 4 day 25 min. past 4 in the morning.
First Quarter the 10 day 14 min. past 5 afternoon.
Full Moon the 18 day 9 min. past 3 in the morning.
Last Quarter the 26 day 31 min. past 5 afternoon.

1	g	Sun rise 3. 50.	arms
2	a	Huntington F.	breast
3	b	6 *after Trin.*	and
4	c	Chesterfield F.	stomac
5	d	Burton on Tr.	heart
6	e	Haveril Fair.	heart
7	f	Burntwood F.	bowels
8	g	Sun set 8. 2.	bowels
9	a	Ingarstone F.	reins
10	b	7 *after Trin.*	reins
11	c	Parmeg Fair.	secrets
12	d	*Sun in Leo.*	secrets
13	e	Fodrin Fair.	thighs
14	f	Sun rise 4. 6.	thighs
15	g	Pinchback Fa.	knees
16	a	Sun set 7. 50.	knees
17	b	8 *after Trin.*	knees
18	c	Stevenage F.	legs
19	d	*Dog days begin.*	legs
20	e	Bolton F.	feet
21	f	Billericay F.	feet
22	g	Colchester F.	feet
23	a	Chester F.	head
24	b	9 *after Trin.*	head
25	c	James Ap.	neck
26	d	Tiptery F.	and
27	e	Ashwell F.	throat
28	f	Manhemor F.	arms
29	g	Chappelago F.	arms
30	a	Strafford Fair.	breast
31	b	10 *after Trin.*	breast

Rome's *Persecution still did rage,*
Their hands being once imbru'd with Blood,
Against each Sex, Condition, Age,
Who are their Popperies withstood. (poor,
None scape's their hands, nor rich, nor
Would not bow to the Romish *Whore.*
Henry Vex, John Esch, mart. *July* 1. 1512. *John Frith,* a young Man of excellent Parts and Piety.

A Man so eminent in his days,
To live bleſt, is to trace his ways.
Anthony Pierſon, mart. *July* 8. 1543. *Rob. Teſtwood, Henry Filmore,* mart. *July* 18. 1543. *John Bradford,* a Pious painful Preacher, who uſed to ſay, *That in Chriſts cauſe to ſuffer death, was the way to Heaven on Horſe-back,* mart. *July* 1. 1555.

Wise in a Cause so just, so good,
Confirm'd his Faith with his heart's Blood.
John Frankton, Humph. Middleton, Nich. Shetterden, Will. Dighill, Derrick Carner, mart. *July* 12. 1555.

A Year ith' the Calendar renown'd,
For Saints with Martyrdom then crown'd.
Ruter Cowches, and *Paratine Maſſey* her Daughter, who big with Child, and it burſting out of her Womb, they threw it into the Flames to be burnt with its Mother, m. 1555.

Quaffers of Blood, whose savage Mind
To Cruelty was sole inclin'd.
Of Calydonian Tygers Brood,
Only delighted to suck Blood,
With Hearts as hard as any Braſs,
More cruel than Meduſa's was.

1. One *Sarah Williams*, being poſſeſſed of a Devil, Father *Edmunds* no ſooner laid the *Amice* (a Trinket which the Prieſts wear) upon her Face, but a Spirit puffed at it, and blew, and blew, and could not endure to let it alone.

And if the Amice *ſo the Devil ſcares,*
What muſt the Prieſt then which the Amice *wears.*

At another time this great Devil was ſlipt, ere he was aware, into the ſaid *Sarah Williams* Leg, where finding himſelf caught within the Prieſts Hoſe, which ſhe belike had put on, he was ſo tormented, that he plunged and tumbled like a *Salmon* taken in a Net, and in great horror cryed out, *Harro ho; but alas! pull off, pull off; eaſe the poor Devil of his pain.*

And was not this a goodly gin,
(Think you) to catch a Woodcock in.

2. The ſacred *Stole* (another Trinket belonging to the Prieſts) being wound about anothers Neck that was poſſeſſed, and it ſo pent and begirt the Devil, that he ſtared, fumed and fomed, as he had been ſtark mad, and in the end was ſqueezed out with pure violence, as Water out of a Squirt.

Theſe ſcare the Devil more than Tongue can utter,
As Children they are ſcar'd with Bread and Butter.

3. An *Exorciſing* Prieſt ſetting his Mouth againſt one *Trayfords* Mouth, who was poſſeſſed with a Devil; but the Devil rebounded at the dint of the Prieſts Breath, and was glad to get him out at *Trayford's* right Ear, like a Mouſe, rather than he would come out and jump againſt the Prieſts Mouth.

Auguſt hath xxxi. days.

New Moon 2 day 48 min. paſt 9 in the forenoon.
Firſt Quarter 8 day 44 min. paſt 11 at night.
Full Moon 16 day 55 min. paſt 5 afternoon.
Laſt Quarter 24 day 5 min. paſt 9 at night.
New Moon 31 day 49 min. paſt 5 afternoon.

1	c	*Lammas day.*	heart
2	d	1 d. Thaxt. F.	heart
3	e	Sun riſe 4. 38.	bowels
4	f	Thunderly F.	bowels
5	g	Sun ſet 7. 17.	reins
6	a	Peterborow F.	reins
7	B	11 *after Trin.*	ſecrets
8	c	Sun riſe 4. 47.	ſecrets
9	d	Aberlew Fair.	thighs
10	e	Blackmore F.	and
11	f	Sun ſet 7. 8.	hips
12	g	Sun riſe 4. 54.	legs
13	a	*Sun in Virgo.*	legs
14	B	12 *after Trin.*	feet
15	c	St. Albans F.	feet
16	d	Sun ſet 6. 58.	feet
17	e	Sun riſe 5. 4.	head
18	f	Sun ſet 6. 54.	head
19	g	Ymiuith Fair.	neck
20	a	Sun riſe 5. 10.	and
21	B	13 *after Trin.*	throat
22	c	Sun ſet 6. 46.	arms
23	d	Sun riſe 5. 16.	arms
24	e	Barthol. F.	breaſt
25	f	24 Smithfi. F.	and
26	g	Sun ſet 6. 38.	ſtomac
27	a	*Dog days end.*	heart
28	B	14 *after Trin.*	and
29	c	Watford Fair	back
30	d	Sun riſe 5. 30.	bowels
31	e	Sun ſet 6. 28.	bowels

Still the Popes wrath with rage doth ſwell,
To ſlaughtering of God's Elect,
Being ſworn Champion of Hell.
That wrath and murther doth effect.
Whoſe quenchleſs fell devouring Ire,
Did burn like a conſuming Fire.

whoſe rage extended to no leſs than 6 in one Fire together at *Colcheſter*, viz. *Will. Bangor, Robert Pierſon, Tho. Bernalds, Agnes Smith, Ellin Erwing*, and *Elizabeth Foulks*, Mart. Aug. 2. 1557.

Stealing the Faith they did profeſs,
With deareſt Blood they did poſſeſs.

Alſo the ſame day, and in the ſame place, were Martyr'd *William Munt, Alice Munt, Roſe Allen*, and *John Johnſon*. alſo *George Eagles*, one *Fryer*, and the Sifter of *George Eagles*.

Thoſe gladly did the Fire embrace,
To live in their Redeemers Grace.

Will. Corber, Will. Hopper, Henry Lawrence, Rich. Collier, and *Will. Street*, all five Martyrd at *Canterbury*, Aug. 23. 1555. *Stephen Harwood, Thomas Fulke*, Mart. *Auguſt* 30. 1555.

And thus the Popes inſatiate thirſt,
Did drink of Blood until he burſt;
Which ran in Branches through his Veins.
Filling our Land with bloody Stains;
Being the moſt delighted when
He paddel in the Blood of Men.

The Pope and his Tribe, the better to keep People under their blind obedience, instead of observing what was commanded in the Holy Word of God, taught them a new way of Worship, most profitable to themselves.

They offer'd Tapers, paid Tythes and Vows, did Pilgrimages go
To every Saint, at every Shrine they Offerings did bestow;
They kist the Pix, crept to the Cross, their Beads did over-run,
The Covent had a Legacy, what so was left undone.
Fasted the Eve, feasted the Day of every Saint they make,
Their Houslings, Shrifts and Sacram. most reverently did take.
By Tale they said their Orisons, to Words unknown Amen,
The Quier did chant, they knockt their Breasts, and bow'd, and crost them then:
Their Scare-spright-water, Boxed Bones, their Hosts, and what not, bring
The Priest, the Fryer, or Pardonner, were counted Holy things.
They seated were in fattest Soils for Pasture, Wood and Spring,
They lodg'd them safe in stately walls, securely there they sing,
Their Bells them call'd from easie Beds, to ring in Gowns as warm,
Whilst Lay-men purchas'd Wounds in Wars, to keep them safe from harm,

Yet though the generality of the People were thus obsequious to them, many of them had another Opinion of the Pope, as may be seen by these Verses.

Let such a Prelat bless or ban, with Candle, Book, and Bell,
He cannot raise himself to Heaven, nor rid a Knave from Hell.
Vain are his Bulls engendring Calves, sent hither from his Stalls,
To feed (mad sots) the Foul that by his Name the Sender calls.

and in another Place, our forementioned Author, concerning the Pope, thus writes,

Peter did sin, and sinning, to repentant Tears did fly,
Popes sin not, but to others sins gives pardon, (else they lye.)
Chr. washed Feet, Kings kiss their Feet, Chr. gave to Cæs. his
They take, and say, that either Sword in their subjection is.

September hath xxx. days.

First Quarter the 7 day 10 in the forenoon.
Full Moon the 15 day 26 min. past 10 forenoon.
Last Quarter the 23 day 13 min. past 9 forenoon.
New Moon the 30 day at 2 in the morning.

1	f	St. Giles Fair.	reins
2	g	Sun rise 5. 37.	reins
3	a	Sun set 6. 21.	secrets
4	b	15 *after Trin.*	secrets
5	c	4 Oakham F.	secrets
6	d	Sun rise 5. 45.	thighs
7	e	Woodb. H. F.	thighs
8	f	Sturbridge F.	knees
9	g	*Nat. B. Virg.*	knees
10	a	Basingstoke F.	legs
11	b	16 *after Trin.*	legs
12	c	*Sun in Libra.*	legs
13	d	Newton Fair.	feet
14	e	Waltham Ab.	feet
15	f	Sun set 5. 56.	head
16	g	Sun rise 6. 6.	and
17	a	Cliffe Fair.	face
18	b	17 *after Trin.*	neck
19	c	Wallingfor. F.	neck
20	d	Ruthen Fair.	arms
21	e	Matth. Ap.	and
22	f	21 Braintry F.	should.
23	g	Pancridge *Staf.*	breast
24	a	Llanrilling F.	breast
25	b	18 *after Trin.*	heart
26	c	Soham Fair.	heart
27	d	Sun set 5. 31.	bowels
28	e	27 Basingstok.	bowels
29	f	Mich. Arch.	reins
30	g	29 Bish. Starf.	reins

Each Month presenteth to our Eyes,
According as the same doth come,
New Objects of fresh Cruelties,
Which by the Popish hands were done.
Not one in all the Twelve but stands
Rubricke with Blood by their Commands.

For in this Month they sent to Heaven in Fiery Chariots, these Persons following, *viz.* *George Calmere, Rob. Sheater, Anth. Burward, Geor. Bradbridge,* and *James Tully,* mart. *Sept.* 6. 1555.

Who burnt in fire, with faith victorious,
Now reign with Christ in Heaven most glorious.

John Warn, Christian Glover, Tho. Athash, John Ashdon, Tho. Spurdance, and *John Fortune,* mart. 1557.

The Papists they good Husbands turn,
So many in one Fire to burn.

Richard Roth, Ralph Allerton, James Anstoce, and *Margery* his Wife, burned all in one Fire at *Islington, Sept.* 17. 1557.

Husband or Wife, Father or Son,
To cruel Papists was all one.

John Curd, Shoomaker at *Northampton,* mart. *Sept.* 23. *Edward Sharp, John Hart, Sept.* 24. 1556. *Agn. Bongeor, Margaret Thurstane,* two Female Martyrs, burnt at *Colchester,* 1556.

Smithfield *and* Colchester *made red*
By Martyrs Blood therein was shed;
In Bonner's *Diocess both two,*
Where he his Cruelty did shew;
Prompted to th' acting of this Evil,
By Bishop Gardiner *and the Devil.*

1. That of *Genesis* 1. 16. *God made two great Lights in the Firmament; the greater Light to rule the day, and the lesser Light to rule the night.* This Scripture Pope *Innocent* the Third thus expounds in a Letter to the Emperor of *Constantinople*; *You ought to know,* (says he) *that God made two great Lights in the Firmament of Heaven, the greater Light to rule the day, and the lesser Light to rule the night; Both great, but the one greater. To the Firmament of Heaven, that is, to the Catholick Church, God made two great Lights, that is, instituted two Powers, the Papal Authority and the Regal Dignity; but that which is to rule by day, that is over Spiritual things, is the greater; but that over Carnal things the less, that there may be known to be as much difference between Popes and Kings, as there is between the Sun and Moon*; from whence they infer, *That as the Earth is seven times bigger than the Moon, and the Sun eight times bigger than the Earth, so the Papal Power must consequently be fifty seven times bigger than the Regal Dignity.*

And thus the Pope the perfect sence made of it,
But still that all should turn unto his profit.

2. Where *Christ* commanded *Peter to launch out into the Deep; and then they enclosed such a multitude of Fishes, that the Net brake.* This Pope *Innocent* interprets thus, *Launch out into the Deep,* saith he, is thus, *Go up to* Rome, *which had a vast Dominion over all people, and from whence they might spread their Nets over all the World, to catch all Nations.* And so in pursuance of this Right, this fishing Trade, for Money, hath been driven with all possible Art and Industry all the World over, to the great Profit of the *Roman* Merchants.

First Quarter the 7 day near 1 in the morning.
Full Moon the 15 day 52 min. past 3 in the morning.
Last Quarter 22 day 32 min. past 9 at night.
New Moon the 29 day 36 min. past Noon.

1	a	Banbury F.	secrets
2	B	19 *after Trin.*	secrets
3	c	Bolton Moor.	thighs
4	d	S. Michaels F.	thighs
5	e	Chappel Frith	knees
6	f	Maidstone F.	knees
7	g	Sun rise 6. 50.	legs
8	a	Chichester F.	legs
9	B	20 *after Trin.*	legs
10	c	9 Sawbrigwor.	feet
11	d	Newport Pag.	feet
12	e	Sun set 5. 2.	head
13	f	*Sun in Scorpio*	and
14	g	13 Stopford F.	face
15	a	Sun rise 7. 4.	neck
16	B	21 *after Trin.*	neck
17	c	16 Daventr. F.	arms
18	d	Luke Evan.	and
19	e	S. Fridwid *Ox.*	shoul.
20	f	Sun set 4. 46.	breast
21	g	Saff. Wald. F.	breast
22	a	Wye Fair.	heart
23	B	22 *after Trin.*	heart
24	c	*Term begins.*	bowel
25	d	St. *Crispine.*	bowel
26	e	Welmerly Fa.	reins
27	f	Sun rise 7. 26.	reins
28	g	Sim. & Jud.	secret
29	a	28 Warwick.	secrets
30	B	23 *after Trin.*	thighs
31	c	Ruthin Fair.	thighs

No Time nor Place, no Sex nor Age,
No Calling, nor any Degree,
Could secure them from the Papists rage,
But all must suffer, he or she;
Woe era their Fopperies withstood,
It must them cost their dearest Blood.

A noted Month for eminent Martyrs, *viz. Will. Tindall*, that painful Translator of the Scriptures into *English*.

Which opened the Peoples Eyes,
To slight the Pope and's Trumperies.

This Learned Person was martyr'd in this Month, 1534. To this blessed Martyr we may add those two great Pillars of the Protestant Church, *Nicholas Ridley* and *Hugh Latimer*, Bishops of the Primitive Stamp and Temper, Mart. at *Oxford* October 16. 1555. of which noble Pair we may say,

A Mind in two divided, but not parted,
A double Body, and yet single hearted.

Adam Wells, *Mark Burgess*, *William Hooker*, Mr. *Simpson* a Priest, *Benered* a Fryer, *Keyler* a Black Fryer, *Norman Gurdy* Vicar of *Dolor*, a Black Cannon, with four others, who sealed their faith with their Blood, Mart. 1556 There died in Prison at *Colchester*, Confessors on Earth, Saints in Heaven.

Immortal Spirits, by Fire refin'd
From human Dross, whose purer Mind
Contemn'd all transitory Pleasures,
To gain to them celestial Treasures.
Whose Bodies burn'd by Cruelty,
Their Souls to Christ did mount on high.

First for the Place where it is, *Eckius* conceives it to be in the bottom of the Sea, (*what then becomes of those Ships that sink to the bottom of the Sea*) others will have it to be in Mount *Ætna*, some in the burning Hill *Vesuvius*, in *Hecla*, *Ande*, or some such burning Places; but *Bernard de Bustis* says, 'tis undoubtedly in an Hill of *Ireland*.

Thus several Opinions are of this,
And every one as true as t'other is.

2. They differ concerning the Torments of it: Sir *Thomas More* will have them to be only by Fire; Bishop *Fisher*, his Fellow sufferer, saith by Fire and Water; and *Lovichius* that it is neither by Fire nor Water, but by the violent Convulsions of Hope and Fear.

Thus they torment themselves, with wit Hide-bound,
To find out that which is not to be found.

3. They differ about the Executioners or Tormentors of those Souls in Purgatory, which Bishop *Fisher* will have to be the Holy Angels, but Sir *Thomas More* says flatly that they are the Devils.

A weighty Case, if it be throughly try'd,
And which the Pope himself cannot decide.

4. They are as much at odds for the extremity of the Pains in Purgatory. *Aquinas* makes them as violent as those in Hell: But the *Rhemists* say, that the Souls there are in a very fine Condition: Betwixt these two Extreams *Durandus* splits the matter to a Hair, saying, That the Souls have intermission from pain on Sundays and Holy-days.

And so you may believe, if that you will,
If not, you may in unbelief be still.

First Quarter the 5 day 46 min. past 6 afternoon.
Full Moon the 13 day 46 min. past 9 at night,
Last Quarter the 21 day 45 min. past 6 morning.
New Moon the 27 day 48 min. past 11 at night.

1	d	All Saints.	thighs
2	e	Loughbor. F.	knees
3	f	Caermarth. F.	knees
4	g	Sun set 4. 18.	legs
5	a	*Powder Plot.*	legs
6	b	24 *after Trin.*	feet
7	c	6 Newpo. Pag.	feet
8	d	*and* Andover.	feet
9	e	Sun rise 7. 51.	head
10	f	Wem Fair.	head
11	g	Dover Fair.	neck
12	a	*Sun in Sagit.*	and
13	b	25 *after Trin.*	throat
14	c	Guilford F.	arms
15	d	Sun set 4. 0.	arms
16	e	Sun rise 8. 1.	breast
17	f	Harlow F.	breast
18	g	& Hyde Fair.	heart
19	a	Horsham F.	and
20	b	26 *after Trin.*	back
21	c	Sun set 3 54.	bowels
22	d	Sawthy F.	bowels
23	e	Sandwich F.	reins
24	f	Sun rise 8. 11.	reins
25	g	Higham Feries.	secrets
26	a	Sun set 3. 47.	secrets
27	b	*Advent Sund.*	thighs
28	c	*Term ends.*	thighs
29	d	Lawrest Fair.	knees
30	e	Andrew Ap.	knees

Now Treason plotted in Hell's Den,
The Devil's Machine 'gan to work,
Assisted by vile English *men,*
And Jesuits that here secret lurk;
These would Prince, Peers, and Commons burn,
Saint Peter *to* Saltpeter *burn.*

The Noble Army of Martyrs praise thee, as it is in the *Te Deum*, amongst which are these worthy Saints and Servants of God, *Rich. Meakins, Rich. Spencer, Andrew Hewyt*, mart. 1541. *Thomas Bernard, James Morton*, mart. 1542.

Who did prefer Life Everlasting,
Before this earthly, frail and wasting.
Geo. Wisheart, Gent. *John Kerby, Rog. Clarke*, ma. 1546. *Alex. Gowch, Alice Driver*, matt. at *Ipswich, Nov.* 4. 1554.

Smithfi *with Martyrs blood died deep,*
Where Bonner *did his Shambles keep,*
Was not sole Place of Martyrdom,
Ipswich *and* Colchester *had some.*

John Cornford, Christ. Brown, John Hart, Alice Snoth, and *Cath. Knight*, all five burnt in one Fire at *Canterbury, Nov.* 10. 1558. These at the Stake begged of God, that their Blood might be the last that should be shed, and that it might quench those Flames which had devoured so many hundreds, to which Prayer Providence said *Amen.* Queen *Mary* dying about six days after.

And God above I do beseech, (speech
With humble heart and unfeign'd
Such days again may never come,
England should Vassal be to Rome.

1. *Parſons* and *Campian*, two Jeſuits, who had the Popes Bleſſing to Curſe Queen *Elizabeth*, to abſolve her Subjects from their Allegiance, and to depoſe the Queen, but their Plots being found out,

Parſons *he out of* England *quickly fled,*
And Campian *he was hang'd all but the Head.*

2. *William Parry*, who upon promiſe from the Pope of endleſs Joys in Heaven, undertook with a Dagger to kill Queen *Elizabeth*, notwithſtanding the Wretch had been pardon'd of his Life by her before.

But God the Queen miraculouſly preſerv'd,
And Parry *he was hang'd as he deſerv'd.*

3. One *Ballard*, *Babington*, *Savage*, *Gage*, *Travers*, *Tilney*, & ſome others, undertook to kill Q. *E.* & to bring *Engl.* under the ſubjection of *Rome*; and to that purpoſe had ſeveral Conſultations in St. *Giles* Fields near *London*.

Theſe were the Conſultations of their Brains,
And in thoſe Fields were hanged for their pains.

4. Doctor *Lopez*, a *Portugal* Jew, and the Queen's Phyſitian, by a Golden promiſe of Reward from the Pope, undertook to poyſon Queen *Elizabeth*, for which he was hanged at *Tyburn*.

And ſo did miſs of all his promis'd Riches,
And at his hanging did bewray his Breeches.

5. *Perry*, *Catesby*, *Rookwood*, *Bates*, *Guido Faux*, all Saints in the Devil's Calendar, theſe undertook by Powder to blow up King, Prince, and Peers in the Air, to ſettle the Popiſh Religion here.

Such a damn'd Plot was nere heard on before,
But (thanks to God) they hanged were therefore.

6. *Jacques Clement* and *Ravillaick*, two *French* Saints of the Devil's ſtamping; *Macquire*, whoſe Head and Heart was chief in the *Iriſh* Rebellion; St. *Hubert*, who was an eminent Inſtrument in the firing of *London*.

All theſe, with many more of the like taking,
Were Saints and Martyrs of the Devil's making.

December hath xxxi. days.

First Quarter the 5 day 46 min. past 6 afternoon.
Full Moon the 13 day 46 min. past 9 at night.
Last Quarter the 21 day 45 min. past 6 morning.
New Moon the 27 day 48 min. past 11 at night.

1	f	Tutbury Fair.	legs
2	g	Sun rise 8. 16.	legs
3	a	Sun set 3. 43.	legs
4	B	2 *Sund. in Ad.*	feet
5	c	Pluckley Fair.	feet
6	d	Exeter Fair.	head
7	e	Sandhurst F.	and
8	f	Northampt. F.	face
9	g	Sun rise 8. 19	neck
10	a	Sun set 3. 41.	neck
11	B	*Sun in Capr.*	arms
12	c	11 Newp. F	arms
13	d	Sun rise 8. 19	breast
14	e	Sun set 3. 41.	and
15	f	Sun rise 8. 19.	stomac
16	g	Sun set 3. 42.	heart
17	a	Sun rise 8. 18	heart
18	B	4 *Sun in Adv.*	bowels
19	c	Sun set 3. 43.	bowels
20	d	Sun rise 8. 17	reins
21	e	Tho. Apost	reins
22	f	Llandilawr. F.	secrets
23	g	Sun set 3. 45	secrets
24	a	Sun rise 8. 14	thighs
25	B	Christ. Mat	thighs
26	c	Stephen M.	knees
27	d	S. Joh. Ev.	knees
28	e	Innocents.	knees
29	f	Canterbury. F.	legs
30	g	Sun rise 8. 10	legs
31	a	Sun set 3. 51	feet

'Twas not the coldness of the weather,
Nor yet the shortness of the days;
Nor both of them being put together
Could mercy in the Papists raise;
But by their cursed Hellish Ire,
These Martyrs died this Month by fire.

This Month produced these Martyrs, *Peter Sapience*, Mart. 1545. *Adam Damlip* an aged Man of *Buckinghamshire*, Mart. 1531.

But Birth nor Breeding, Sex nor Age,
Could not withstand the Papists Rage.

Two Gray Fryers, Mart. 1381. A Schollar of Abeville, Mart. 1522. A Jew, Mart. 1528. *Thomas Rhodonensis* an Earl, Mart. 1536.

Worse hearts are Iron, hears-strings Wire,
Their Cruelty will never tire.

Richard Hun, whom they closely hanged in the *Lollards* Tower, and after gave out that he hanged himself, but an honest Jury found out their deceit: This inhuman Act was done *December* 4. 1515.

Papists may with the Heathen vie,
Which did out-do in Cruelty.

John Philpot, a worthy Preacher, and great Instrument of converting others, Mart. *Decemb.* 7. 1557.

Who in his Faith so firmly stood,
To seal his Doctrine with his Blood.

John Terokisbury, Mart. *Dec.* 20. 1531.

With many more past numbring up,
Which drank of Persecutions Cup:
Some wracks, some whips, some put in Stocks,
Doing Penance with a world of mocks.
Great God above grant it may be,
The like again we never see.

Pope *Sylveſter* the Second, a *French* man by Birth, who ſtudied Necromancy in the Abbey of *Floriack*; to perfect his skill that way, he went to a *Saracen* in *Sevill*, and cozen'd him of his chief Conjuring Book, by being in ward with the *Magicians* Daughter. Then he contracts with the Devil to be his wholly, upon condition he would conduct him back to *France*, and fit him with Promotions. Upon his return into *France*, he became admirable for his deep Learning, having theſe Chieftains his Scholars in the *Black-Art*, *Theophilact*, *Lawrence*, *Malfitane*, *Brazutus*, and *John Gratian*. By help of theſe and his other Arts, he became firſt Biſhop of *Rhemes*, then Archbiſhop of *Ravenna*, and thence to be Pope; in which Seat he concealed (but ever practiſed) his Deviliſh Myſtery, having in ſecret a *Brazen-head* inſtead of a *Delphick Oracle*; Conſulting with this on a time, how long he ſhould live, anſwer was given, until he ſaid Maſs in *Jeruſalem*. This made him confident of a long continuance; but he was cozen'd by the Devils equivocation, who ſeiſed upon him ſaying Maſs in the Church of St. *Croſs*, in one of *Lent Stations*, which was otherwiſe called *Jeruſalem*, that he little thought on. He is ſaid to have then repented, and in token thereof, to have requeſted that his Hands, Tongue, and ſecret Members might be cut off, wherewith he had offended God, and ſo to be put into a Cart, which was done, and the Beaſts of their own accord drew him to *Lateran*'s Church, where he lyeth buried, by the ratling of his Bones in the Sepulcher, Prognoſticating the Death of his Succeſſors.

The Belief of a Thorough-pac'd Papiſt.

I do believe the Holy Pope of Rome
Is Lord of Scriptures, Fathers, Church and all;
Of Councils of the World, whoſe dreadful Doom
Can at his pleaſure make all riſe or fall.
I do believe, though God forbids the ſame,
That I ſhould worſhip Images and Saints;
I hope by my own Works I Heaven may claim.
In Tongues unknown I muſt make Prayers and Plaints.
I do believe Chriſt's Body made of Bread,
And may be eaten by Dogs, Cats, or Mice,
Yet is a Sacrifice for quick and dead,
And may be bought and ſold for rated price.
I further do believe the Pope our Lord
Can at his pleaſure all my Sins forgive:
I do believe at his commanding Word,
Subjects muſt Kings of Lives and Lands deprive.
Like as the Church believes, ſo I believe,
By which I hope the Heavens I ſhall atchieve.

The Devil once upon a time met with a Collier, (*like to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*) and, as *Bellarmine* ſaith, Catechiſed him notably about his Religion: Collier (quoth the Devil) how doſt thou believe? Devil (quoth the Collier) I believe as the Church believes. I, but how doth the Church believe? (quoth Satan again) why as I believe, ſaid the Collier; and the ſimple Fiend was ſo aſhamed of himſelf, that he bluſht through his black Velvet Jacket.

Here the Belief was learnedly diſputed,
The Devil by the Collier quite confuted.

THE SECOND PART OF THE PROTESTANT ALMANACK.

WHEREIN

As in a Looking-Glass, you may see the PAPISTS Faces in their own proper Colours.

CONTAINING

A further Continuation of their Popish Fopperies. As first, an Extraordinary great *Florentine* Miracle, a wonderful Invention of finding out *Purgatory*. A Story of a *Ring*. Of the Church of St *Michael* at Mount *Gargane* in *Italy*. The Legend of St. *Basill*. A notable Story of Popish Equivocation. With a Merry Story to Recreate the Reader, and several other things of Profit, Delight, and Information.

Written, *That Papists may learn to Blush at their Ridiculous Principles, and Protestants may learn to beware of their cruel and treacherous Practices.*

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.
Felix quem faciunt aliorum præmia promptum.

By *Philoprotest*, a Well-wisher to Peace and Religion.

LONDON:
Printed by *R. Roberts* for the Company of Stationers. 1692.

A further Continuation of Popish Stories, and other ridiculous Fopperies. Taken out of their own Authors.

A Florentine Miracle.

A Gentleman of *Florence*, called Captain *Giovanni Gualberto*, the Son of a Noble Knight, that was a Titulado, going to *Florence* with his Company, well arriv'd, and on Horse-back, he met upon the way with a mortal Enemy of his, who had kill'd his Brother; who seeing the danger wherein he was, giving himself for a lost man, (for that he knew not how to escape him) humbled himself at his feet, and crossing his Breast with his arms, besought his pardon, and that for Christ's sake that was Crucified, he would be pleased to spare him his Life. *Giovanni Gualberto* had these words in that veneration, that pricked with a charitable compunction, taking pity of him, he willingly pardoned this his Enemy. And taking him along with him, he made him to go back again with him to *Florence*, and brought him to *St. Miniato* Church, to offer thanks unto God; And kneeling down before a Crucifix (*now the story begins*) which was a very lively piece, *Giovanni Gualberto* kneeling also on his knees, desired of God, That he would so forgive him his trespasses, as he did freely forgive this his Enemy that had trespassed against him in killing his Brother. Which words were no sooner uttered by him, (*O wonderful!*) but Christ bowed his head unto him (*or some Knavish Priest did it for him.*) Whereupon *Giovanni Gualberto* humbly acknowledging this great Grace and Favour there shewn unto him in the presence of all those that were there, presently entered into a Religious Order, in which Holy Profession he continued to his dying day.

We only tell ye what our Author saith;
But for the truth, your self must find the faith.

A Story of Saint Bernard.

Saint *Bernard* coming to the great Church of *Spire* in Germany,

many, he was no sooner come into the Church, but the Image of the Virgin saluted him, and bad him, *Good morrow Bernard*; whereat, he well knowing the jugling of the Friers, made answer again out of St. *Paul*, *Ob* (said he) *your Ladiship hath forgot your self, it is not lawful for women to speak in the Church.*

The Knavish Friers were by this Saint out-witted,
And in their own Coyn very neatly fitted:
They with this Holy man would be deceiving;
But that their web was of too coarse a weaving.

A Wonderful Invention of finding out Purgatory.

A certain Religious man returning from the Visitation of the Holy Sepulchre in *Jerusalem*, and other places of the Holy Land, the Ship wherein he sailed was driven forcibly upon certain uninhabited Islands, which were full of Rocks and craggy Hills, near unto *Thessalonica*, and be called the Isles of *Vulcan*. (*Where the blind Papists hammer'd out this story of Purgatory.*)

A place neither in Heaven, nor yet in Hell,
Nor yet on Earth, where any man can tell.

This Religious man took Land in the Isle, and found in an obscure and secret place, an Hermit, unto whom he went, and among their Conferences the Religious man told him, that he was of the Province of *Aquitain* in *France*. The Hermit hearing that, was very glad; and asked him if he knew the Monastery of *Cluny*, and *Odilo* the Abbot thereof. The Religious man said, Yes; and desired to know the reason why he demanded that question. The Hermit answered, Know, that in this Island be hollow places, full of wind and fire, which some call the mouth of *Vulcan*.

The Poult-foot god, that in his fiery shop
Hammers out Thunder-bolts on *Ætna*'s top.

In which places are seen Devils to enter in, and to go out ordinarily in divers and sundry shapes and forms, sometimes by their external looks they seem to be cheerful and jocund, and at other times they seem to be pensive and sad. I being desirous to know the causes of this different behaviour, adjured and charged them in the name of Almighty God, to

tell me the true cauſe; and they ſaid unto me, That they make ſhew of joy and gladneſs, when the ſoul of any perſon that hath lived well in the world, whom they could never induce to commit mortal ſin, but for ſome venial ſins were brought into Purgatory. (*By this you ſee that* Vulcan's *Shop and Purgatory are all one place, the one hatcht in the Poets Brain, the other in the Papiſts Noddles.*) The Devils ſeeing them to ſuffer in the flames, are ſatisfied therewith, and ſhew their gladneſs by external ſigns. But if there be given any Alms, any Maſſes ſaid, (*which are always the better, the dearer they are paid for*), or any good works done by good people, whereby the Soul is releaſed from Purgatory,

Then all the Devils ſuch a howling make,
As Hell were looſe, and they at Barley-brake.

They complain (ſaid the Hermit) eſpecially of the Monks of *Cluny*, where continual prayers are made for the Souls of the Dead, and many Maſſes ſaid, (*which affright the Devil as a piece of Bread and Butter doth a hungry School-Boy.*) Therefore I pray thee (ſaid the ſolitary Hermit) to requeſt the Abbot *Odilo*, and the other, to ſay Maſs, and that without ceaſing, for the Souls in Purgatory, ſince ſo much good ariſeth thereby.

Maſſes brings Money to the merry Prieſt,
And Money that will buy even what ye liſt.
Then who the truth of Maſſes can deny,
But that much good to Prieſts doth come thereby?

The Religious man wonder'd at his words, (*as well he might*) and promiſed him faithfully to deliver the meſſage. So being returned into *France*, he viſited that Monaſtery, and verified unto the Abbot and his Monks all that which befell in thoſe Caves and mouth of *Vulcan*, alias *Purgatory*. The Holy Abbot *Odilo* underſtanding the ſame, ordained, and commanded, That in all his Monaſteries, they ſhould have the Souls in recommendation; Then he made a general Conſtitution thoroughout all his Order, That every year on the next day after the Feaſt of *All Saints*, they ſhould make a general Anniverſary for the Souls of the faithful deceaſed.

And ſo to Maſſing Prieſts content and profit;
This Abbot he did firſt make ſomething of it.

Pope

Pope *John* the 16*th* being then Bishop of *Rome*, having notice thereof, examining well the matter, and seeing it to be holy, (that is, *exceeding advantageous to the Massing Priests, and the main means to bring Gifts to the Pope's Mill*) not only approved it, but also commanded the same to be done through the Universal Church. And good reason why, because

Purgatory is a fire gives such a heat,
As makes the Popes Pot boil, and roasts his meat,
Finds him with Pig, Goose, Capon, Partridge, Cunney,
Or any thing that may be had for money.

A Story of a Ring.

In the Country of *Scotland* there lived an Honourable Lady that had lost a Ring which her Husband had given her, as she crossed the River *Clyd*; whereupon her Husband grew exceeding jealous; and though his Forehead were as smooth as a Die, yet nothing but Horns run in his head, imagining his Wife had given the Ring to some one of her Lovers; and where jealousie doth fly-blow the Head, it makes a disturbance in the whole Family, a self-harming Passion, thus described by the Poet,

Pale Hag, Infernal Fury, Pleasures smart,
Envious Observer, watching every part.

This Lady thus wrongfully mistrusted, went to *Kintigern* Bishop of *Glasgow*, who was reputed for a most Holy man; to whom she related her case, and intreated his help for the safety of her honour. *Kintigern* pitying her condition, to remedy the same, fell to his Devotions, and after he had made the sign of the Cross, he went directly down to the River, where (as luck was) one was a fishing, whom he bid to bring him the first Fish that he caught; which he doing, (Oh wonderful!) the Ring was found in the Fishes mouth: (*Reader, if you do not believe it, insooth you are too blame*) whereupon the Bishop sent it to the Lady, and now the Husband having such apparent proof of his wifes chastity, he was for ever after cured of his malady, and never thought of Horns more.

Reader, the story thus doth run in brief;
But for the truth your self must find belief.

Of the Church of St. Michael at Mount Gargano *in Italy.*

In the year of our Lord 494, in the second year of Pope *Gelasius* the first, and the third year of the Emperor *Anastasius*, there was a Citizen of *Siponta* in the Territory of *Puglia*, in the Land of *Italy*, (*that we may be very punctual in our Relation*) named *Gargano*, a man far richer in Cattel than any one in the Country, which under the custody of many Herdsmen grazing upon the Hill *Gargano*, had a Bull which was strayed among the Woods; and seeking him a long time, in the end found him feeding before the entry of a Hole or Cave; wherewith being wrath that he was strayed from the rest of the Beasts, he shot an Arrow at him, intending to kill him, but (*behold a Miracle!*) when the Arrow came almost at the Bull, it returned back again, and struck *Gargano*; (*This Reader thou wilt think to be very strange, and perhaps too strange to be true.*) Whereupon the Herdsmen perswaded their Master to seek out some holy man, of him to enquire the meaning of this wonderful business; whereupon he went to the Bishop of the City named *Lorenzo*, who was reputed a very Religious man; He admiring at so great a Miracle, caused the people to fast three days, and with many prayers reconciling themselves unto God. The Fast ended, and Divine Service solemnly celebrated, St *Michael* appeared to *Lorenzo*, and said to him, *By the will of God, and through my means, it is so come to pass, O* Lorenzo, *that the Bull hath discovered this place chosen by my self, where I desire a Church should be made to my self, that I might have a dwelling upon the Earth amongst men. Declare to the Citizens, that in this place I am to pardon in the name of God the sins of the people which repair hither.* The which Vision, after *Lorenzo* had rendred due thanks unto God, he declared it. Then with general Procession, and many Ceremonies, they went very Religiously to the holy Cave, where with great devotion they said solemn service, and so to the honour of St. *Michael* the Archangel, the place was dedicated.

Thus

Thus by such feigned Stories and Innovations
Of Saints and Angels, and their Revelations
To holy persons, many a Church and Steeple
Were built by the Devotion of the people;
Yet truth to say, their zeal's more commendable,
Than those would turn a Church into a Stable.

But to proceed. The Pope understanding thereof, sent three Bishops to Consecrate the Church, and the Angel appeared again, saying, that needed not to be Consecrated by humane means, which was Consecrated by Divine Providence; and that in token and sign thereof, they should find the print of his foot upon the Altar. The morning following they went in Procession, and finding it so, after they had all yielded due thanks unto God, Consecrated another Hill hard by, which is now called the Holy-hill, whither repair infinite people with great Devotion.

And thus this Arrow-miracle got strength,
And did produce a sumptuous Church at length.

And now we shall acquaint you with another Bull-story, and we believe as authentick as the other, which was done in the year 710, in a place called *Tumba*, by the Sea-side, six miles from the City *Danevances*, (*but in what Country we know not, unless it be in the Land of Imagination.*) Saint *Michael* (saith my Author) appeared to the Bishop of this City, commanding him to build a Church like to that in Mount *Gargano*, and that he likewise should hallow the memory of St. *Michael* there; The Bishop was willing to do as he was commanded, but knew not in what place to build it; whereupon St. *Michael* appeared to him again, bidding him to build it where he should find a Bull hid of Thieves. But the Bishop being not yet satisfied, doubted again how large he should make it; whereupon St. *Michael* was fain to be at the trouble to appear to him the third time, and tell him he should make it of the breadth which the Bull had trodden and traced with his foot. But now appeared another difficulty, there was two great Rocks which stood in the way where they should build it; but that impediment was soon cleared, for St. *Michael* commanded a certain man, to remove these two Rocks, who took them away as lightly as if they had been but each of them a feather.

Reader, you may believe it that you will;
If not, you may in unbelief keep still.

But behold another Miracle, after they had finished it, there was no water thereabouts, whereof they had great need: whereupon by the admonishment of *St. Michael* they made a hole in a stone of Marble, and immediately there issued out so much water, as they are sustained by the benefit thereof to this day.

Miracles in that age were done,
As thick as atoms in the Sun.

But now comes a bouncing Miracle indeed. This Church (saith my Author) was environed round about with the Sea, only as it were by miracle, every St. *Michael's* day it became dry for a certain space, for the people to pass over in devotion: Now it so hapned that at the time aforesaid, a great company of people went to the Church, amongst whom was a woman big with Child, nigh to the time of her delivery. Now it came to pass that as they returned, they heard the waves and water coming with great force, whereupon the company for dread ran away, and recovered the banks, but the Woman being so heavy with Child, could not flee, but was overtaken of the waves, and carried into the Sea. Now any one would think this Woman were in great danger; but the Legend saith, none at all; for St. *Michael* took care of her, and she was delivered of her Child in the middle of the Sea, and then took it up in her arms, and gave it suck; and after when the Sea was withdrawn, she went on Land with her Child; (*But whether she went to Church at the Mount and so give thanks for her deliverance, my Author tells not.*)

Thus Friers blusht not to write things at that season,
Which had no taste of either sense or reason:
And whatsoever thus their Pens did fell,
Was vail'd under the name of miracle,
And 'twas a miracle a man would think
To believe that which of a lye did stink.

The Legend of Saint Basil.

Saint *Basil* was a Bishop and Doctor of the Church, one

of

of the Primitive stamp and temper, when the Church by lowliness of spirit did flourish in high examples. A man no doubt of excellent parts and holy conversation, whom the Monkish Writers of that time striving to exalt above truth have much derogated from his worth, as by these ridiculous stories of him taken out of his Legend, may appear.

For when the truth by Writers is neglected,
It makes that which is true to be suspected.

And first it is recorded, that a certain Hermit named *Ephraim*, saw in a Vision a Pillar of fire, whose top reached up to Heaven, and a voice came to him, which said, *Such is Basil as this Pillow that thou seest.* Whereupon inflamed with zeal, he went to the City for to see him; it was upon a Holy day, when St. *Basil* clad in a white Vesture, was going honourably with the Clergy; which made the Hermit to say to himself, surely I have lost my labour, this cannot be such a Holy man who is attended with such honour? (*What would he have said then if he had seen the Pope adorned with his Triple Crown, and carried on mens shoulders.*) Now St. *Basil* guessing what he meant, called him to him, and when he was come, the Hermit thought he saw a tongue of fire speaking in his mouth, which made him to say, Truly *Basil* is the Pillar of fire that I saw, and thereupon desired a boon of him, and what do ye think it was? why forsooth that he might speak *Greek*, and it was granted accordingly.

But if that Learning could be gotten so,
Few to the University would go.

Another Hermit (saith my Author) seeing St. *Basil* walk in his Pontificalibus, deemed him to be proud, and lo there came a Voice which said to him, Thou delightest more in playing and handling thy Cat, than *Basil* doth in all his array and godly adornments.

And so the Hermit answer'd was for that,
Whose mouth was stopt by playing with his Cat.

Now in that Country there was a Gentleman of good repute named *Herodius*, who had only one Daughter whom he intended to make a Nun; but the Cloven-footed fiend (saith my Author) envying that any one should come to such a holy state of life, caused one of the servants to burn in love of this

this same maid, (*Burns as a candle burns that is lighted at both ends*) but thinking upon his low condition, hoss he was but a servant, and she the only Child of so rich a man, he despaired of ever obtaining his desire; yet not to leave any means unattempted, he went to an Enchanter, promising him a great sum of money to help him to this Maid; to whom the Enchanter answered, that he could not do it, but he would send him to one that should, and that was the Devil, his very good Lord and Master, who if he would do what he should say to him, he should be sure to have his desire.

The young man not considering the danger of the condition, consented thereto; so the Enchanter writ a Letter to the Devil, and gave it the young man, bidding him to go at midnight and stand upon the Tomb of some Pagan, and holding up the Letter in the air, call upon the Devil, and he would come to him. So he went forth, and did as he was bid, and held up the Letter in the air, and presently came the Cloven-footed Fiend accompanied with a great Train of lesser Devils, who having read the Schedule, said to the young man, Wilt thou believe in me if I accomplish thy desire? Who answered that he would: Then said he, make a Bond of thy own hand writing, and let it contain, That thou hast forsaken Jesus Christ, thy Baptism, and the profession of the Christian Religion, and that thou wilt be my servant, and at my dispose when thou diest; all which he wrote and gave it to the Devil. And now being become the Devils servant, he in requital sent to the Maid a spirit of Fornication, which so inflamed her heart with a desire to the young man, that she fell down on her knees to her Father, desiring that she might have the young man in Marriage, or she should die. Her Father, though extraordinary unwilling therewith, as having intended to make her a Nun, yet rather than she should die, gave his consent, and so married they were, and dwelt together asunder from her Father.

Now this young married man in obedience to the Devils Commands, never went to Church, nor confessed himself; of which notice being taken by the Neighbours, they told his wife, that by reason thereof they believed her Husband was never Christned. Whereupon she reasoning with him about

hour it, after many delays, he at last confessed all he had done, whereby to obtain her; at hearing whereof she was ready to die with sorrow, and immediately had recourse to St. *Basil*, to whom she related all what her Husband had told her.

St. *Basil* hereupon sent for the young man, and asked him if he were willing to return to God again; who answered him yes, but it could not be, for he had bound himself to the Devil, had denied Christ, and thereof made a writing of his hand, and delivered it to him; to whom St. *Basil* said, no matter for that, God is merciful, and will forgive thee if thou seriously repentest. So he took the man, and made the sign of the Cross on his forehead, *(Or else all had been worth nothing)* and then shut him up in a Chamber three days; at the end of which he went to see him, asking him how it was with him? who answered, Sir, I am not able to bear the clamors, terrors, and astonishments that the Fiends do unto me, for they hold in their hand my Writing, and accusing me say, that I came to them, and not they to me. Then said *Basil* to him, be not afraid, but put thy trust in Jesus Christ, and thou shalt do well. So he gave him some meat to comfort him, and marked him again with the sign of the Cross, and then closed him the second time in his Chamber, and after certain days went to visit him, and asked him how it was with him then? who answered him, much better than before, for I hear their clamors and their threatnings, but I see them not.

This story, if 'twere true, was sad indeed,
But unto God nothing is impossible,
Yet will I not prefer it to my Creed,
Since Monks from lying could their pens not bridle.

Then St. *Basil* gave him more meat, and again closed the door, and went and prayed to God for him, and forty days after went to him, and asked him how the case was with him then? who with a pleasant countenance answered Holy Father, it is well with me now, for I have seen thee fight for me, and overcome the Devil. Whereupon the Holy man being over-joy'd, took him out, and calling together the Clergy, the Religious, and the people, desired them all to pray for him; and so took the young man, and led him by

the

the hand to the Church. But the Devil (*a crosse Knave*) would not be put off so, but having got together a great Company of other Devils, they invisibly set upon St. *Basil* to take the young man away from him; but as they pulled and hailed him, he cried out, Holy Saint of God help me. Whereupon the holy man said, Thou cursed and cruel Fiend, is it not enough that thou art damned thy self, but thou must tempt others to the like perdition. Then said the Devil with a loud voice, O *Basil*, thou grievest and annoyest me much; whereupon all the people cried *Kirie Eleison*, which words being often used in the Mass. A Popish wooden Doctor being asked the meaning, he said that *Kirie* signified the *Host*, and *Eleison Christ*.

This was a Wooden Priest, whose wit in sloth
Was drowned sure by eating Capon-broth.

But to proceed in our story. The Devil with a loud voice began to claim his bargain, saying, I went not to him, but he came to me, he hath denied his God, and confessed me to be his God; lo here is the writing that he gave to me; whereupon St. *Basill* prayed, and immediately the Devil vanished, and the Writing in the sight of all there present, was laid in St. *Basil's* hand.

These were no jugling tricks the Papists say,
But done in verity, by yea and nay.

Hereupon St. *Basil* shewed it to the young man, and said, Knowest thou this Writing? who answered, I know it too well, for wretch that I am it was written with my own hand. Then the holy Saint tore it in a thousand pieces, and led the young man to the Church, and so order'd and disposed him, that he was fit to receive the Sacrament; after he being Enfigned and taught, he gave him a rule how he should lead his life, and so delivered him to his Wife.

And so here of this Story is an end,
According as it is in the Legend pen'd.

But more wonderful is the story which followeth. A certain Woman had committed a great many sins (*as few women but may do the like*) among which one was more notorious than the rest, all which she wrote in a scrole, and delivered the same to St. *Basil*, desiring him to pray for her, that by his Intercession they might be forgiven her; which accordingly

dingly he did, and the Woman opening the scrole found all her sins blotted out, but only that horrible one before spoken of; wherefore she desired the holy man once more to pray for her, that that sin might also be blotted out. But the Saint belike then was in a jelony humour, and bid her go from him to the holy man *Ephraim*, and desire him to pray for her. Now when she came to this holy *Ephraim*, he put her off again to St. *Basil*, (*Here was old doings, betwixt the Bishop and the Heroine*), but said holy *Ephraim* to her, make haste, or else thou wilt not find *Basil* alive. So the Woman packt up her pipes, and returned to the City, but she had not entered it so far, but she met with St. *Basil*, being carried on mens shoulders to be buried.

This astonished the Woman mightily, so that she brake forth into a grievous lamentation, and threw the scrowl upon the covering of the Biere, when after a time taking it up again, and opening it, she found this her great sin, as well as the others blotted out, and the Paper so white, that in comparison of it all Whites where Ink.

White as fair *Venus* Doves, or Mountain-snow,
Before the thawing Southern wind doth blow.

But to draw towards a conclusion. St. *Basil* lying upon his Death-bed, sent for one *Joseph* a *Jew*, a man very expert in Physick, and whom he foresaw he should convert to the Faith. This *Jew* having felt his pulse, and viewed the state of his body, told the men that waited on him, provide for his Sepulcher, for he shall die at the Suns going down into the West. St. *Basil* over-hearing him, said, thou wottest not what thou sailt, if I live till to morrow at noon, wilt thou forsake thy faith, and believe in Christ? and he said, I will. Whereupon St. *Basil* prayed to God, and he gave him strength, and he lived till the next day noon, which the *Jew* seeing believed in Jesus Christ; St. *Basil* then took heart, arose out of his Bed, and went to the Church, and with his own hands baptized him, and then returning to his Bed immediately gave up the Ghost.

A man no doubt with goodness qualify'd,
And pity 'tis his vertues were bely'd.

A Notable Story of Popish Equivocation.

In the year 1612, was brought to be examined before the Arch-

Archbishop of Canterbury, one Thomas Cornford a Jesuit, who gave unto himself the name of *John Underwood*, and so subscribed it, affirming that he was a married man, and that he had married the Daughter of one *Robinson* in *Irkinburge*, where his Wife at the time of his Examination remained; he added also, he had been married unto her twelve years, and that he had by her six Children. He said he was by condition a Farmer, and that he came to Town, to move the Lord *Vaux* that himself might be a Tenant to his Lordship for a certain House and Land lying in *Irkinburg*, where his Wife *Robinsons* Daughter remained.

But now will you understand how this ingenious Jesuit did coken his conscience by Equivocation; why thus forsooth, and is please ye, whereas he affirmed himself to be a married man, his meaning was, that his Wife was his *Breviary*, and that he had been married unto it twelve years; as for his Children had by *Robinsons* Daughter, those were his Ghostly and Spiritual Children. The reason why he called himself a Farmer, was because he was so to God, according to that Text. *Redde rationem villerationis tuæ: Give an account of thy Farmorship.* The reason why he said, he came to take a Farm of the Lord *Vaux*, was because he was ready to do him any service for the spiritual tilling of his soul. (*Most rare Divinity*)

Thus after this Equivocating way,
All shall be true, though not one truth they say;
Speaking and meaning is two different ends,
The one to truth, th' other to falshood tends.
But when for lying they in flames do burn,
Equivocating will not serve their turn.

To this of their Equivocating, we shall add one story more out of the same Author, concerning their covetousness. A Gentlewoman of the Parish of St. *Giles* in the Fields, near *Holborn*, was taken very sick, and being one well inclining and warping towards the Popish pale or bent, sent for one of their Priests to come unto her, and assist her with his best comfort and counsel; who understanding her desire, was soon with her; and being come, she acquainted him how the case stood between Almighty God and her distressed soul; and having laid her self open unto him, after the form of *Catholick*

Confession,

confession, her Ghostly Father the Priest told her, that she should not need to take any further thought or care of her soul, but commit all to him, his absolution would be available, and by Prayer himself would intercede for her. Yet one thing further he must tell her, *That she might be more certain of mercy and indulgence, if there were some care had for the saying of so many Masses for her after her death at the High Altar.* The Woman listned to this, and heard it very well. But the Priest had not said all, *Your Masses* (he told her) *could not be had without a round sum of money.* She then asked him, What the whole charge might be? He told her, *about forty pounds.* The poor Gentlewoman answered, she had not so much money in her custody, but Plate she would deliver him, sufficient to raise such a Sum; and accordingly she delivered it forthwith to his possession: who having got such a booty, had little desire to visit any more his sick Patient. The Woman within a short time after grew so weak in her body, that she was almost past hope of Recovery, and then sent again for her Spiritual Doctor to come and administer some of his Ghostly Physick to her. But my Gentleman had taken pains enough before, and by no means would be brought the second time unto her. It pleased God this Gentlewoman recovered, and making good use of that abuse she received by this Priest in her sickness, she altered her Religion, and became a sound Protestant, continuing in the same to the time of her death.

Thus what so e're the Popish Priests pretend,
Money we find to be their chiefest End.

A Merry Story.

We shall conclude all with a Merry Recreative Story to delight the Reader, as true as what we find recorded in their Legends. A certain poor decayed Gentleman, that had either pawn'd or sold his Cloak, came to another that knew him, desiring him to lend him a spare Cloak; and prest him so far, that the other overcome with much importunity, and yet unwilling to unsuit his wearing Clothes for him, lent him a thin Stuff-Cloak, upon promise within two or three days to restore it. But days, weeks, and months came, in which time he never heard of the Gentleman; till at last, one cold frosty morning, he met him with the same Cloak upon him, worn thread-

threat-bare, and [illegible] Whereupon staying him, he challengeth him [illegible] breach of promise, telling him withal, that in regard of [illegible] chest, he will do him a publick disgrace, [illegible] (tho worth nought) wheresoever he finds it; which was no sooner said, but he offered to pluck it from off his shoulders; the other desired him to forbear, and told him he might do more than he could answer. [illegible] (saith he) when I bor[illegible] of you, I was a Protestant, but since am turned [illegible], and coming to my Confessor, amongst other things, I told him how [illegible]tefully I had used you concerning this poor Garment, for which he enjoyned me this Penance. Hast thou, said he, had the pleasure to wear so light a Cloak all the warm Summer? then I command thee in punishment to thy fault, [illegible] it off for the space of this cold and frosty Winter, and with that he slipt away from him.

The CONCLUSION.

Mithinks I hear a swarm of *Romanists*,
Yea, all the Pole-shorn Crew of Antichrists,
Revile and curse, with Candle, Book, and Bell,
Condemning me without remorse to Hell,
Because that I their Popperies have displaid,
And to the vulgar have them open laid.
But I with resolution so do arm me,
Their Blessings do no good, nor cursings harm me.

FINIS.

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